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Summary: Mike is dreading to say goodbye, AGAIN! Just some angsty Mike Wheeler who is about to lose the most important thing to him in the world. Ik i'm bad at writing but i'll try to get better! Hope u like it!

Again

AGAIN

Numb...

He's feeling numb.

He's not crying, he's not laughing.

He knows he needs to be there right now.

They were all supposed to come and help with packing everything.

They are all probably there right now.

Packing.

Moving.

They are moving.

Not just house, but town, state.

They won't be there.

She won't be there.

She's moving.

She's not just moving house, but town, state.

Mike is pacing now.

Like usual.

His breathing becomes heavier and faster.

His hands reaches his hair and starts pulling.

"Why is this happening?"

"Again!"

"This wasn't supposed to happen again!"

He's not feeling the tears that are running down his cheeks.

He's not hearing his sister who keeps calling his name.

He's not hearing his own screams.

He's not aware of anything around him.

He only sees her.

El.

His mind seems to like playing this memory over and over again.

In nightmares.

Every time she says goodbye and he walks home.

Except it's not him who's walking away this time.

"Goodbye Mike."

He's falling.

He doesn't know for how long but at some point he must have stopped.

Because now he's opening his eyes and he's being held by his sister.

"Shhh... it's gonna be okay."

He's not sure what just happened but his mind suddenly catches up with his body.

He's weak.

He's crying.

No.

He's sobbing.

And he knows why.

The girl he loves is leaving him.

Again.

no!*

He has to stop saying that.

She's not leaving him.

She's just moving.

It's different.

His brain sure doesn't think so.

He. Is. Still. Crying.

He doesn't understand.

He was fine.

At least he thought he was.

Maybe he wasn't.

He's not fine.

He doesn't think he'll ever be fine.

His worst nightmare was his reality once.

It keeps haunting him.

Losing El.

His first crush.

His first kiss.

His first love.

His only love.

"I should go."

He's wiping his tears.

"Mike... please talk to me."

"I..."

He's suddenly very aware that he's being held like a baby by his older sister.

He scrambles out of her arms and stands up wiping away new tears that had already fallen on his cheeks.

"What happened?!"

She's looking at him as if he's grown a second head or something.

"What do you mean 'what happened'?!"

"I went home because you weren't answering the phone, and everyone was worried about you, including me!"

"Then suddenly I hear you scream like you're being tortured, I went up here and see you clutching your head, pacing the room while crying and try to make you hear me!"

"And then I just pulled you to your bed, you wouldn't lay down or stop hyperventilating so I took you in my arms and you slowly started to calm down."

Mike's looking down at his feet.

"And then you opened your eyes and now you're standing there looking like you're ashamed of being held by your sister!"

Nancy was finally done now because she hasn't said anything for about a minute now.

"Mike... say something."

"What do you want me to say?!"

"You want me to say that I'm scared to death of losing her?!"

"That every moment I'm with her feels like it's gonna be the last?!"

"That every time she leaves the room it feels like I need to go after her just to make sure nothing happens?!"

"That I can't breathe properly when she's not with me?!"

"That she's leaving me again and I don't know how I'm gonna survive not knowing if she's okay every minute and every second of every day?!"

He's crying again.

Why does he keep doing that?

"Mike..."

I'm finally looking at her in the eyes and sees that she has started crying too.

"You need to let it out!"

"It's not good for you to keep your emotions inside!"

Nancy stands and goes closer.

She opens her arms.

"Come here."

And Mike doesn't hesitate to close the gap between them and wraps his arms around her.

He keeps crying.

But.

Now he's smiling.

At least for now.

He's now on his way to the Byers house.

He took his bike because he didn't want his sister to pity him Incase he starts crying again.

He has to be strong.

He needs to be strong.

For her.

He's not seen her for awhile.

A week to be exact.

He's very much regretting it now.

Not being with her.

But he knows why he hasn't seen her.

He knows that if he had spent that whole last week with her he would never have let her go.

Mike is biking faster now.

All he wants to do is hold her in his arms and never, ever let her out of his life, again.

He can figure something out.

She can live in his basement, again.

But he knows deep down that she needs a mother, siblings and a family.

He can only hope that he will be a part of that family someday.

Someday.

He smiles at the idea.

Of being with her for the rest of his life.

Of making their own little family.

But they haven't talked about it.

Their relationship.

For all he knows, they can still be broken up.

He's been giving her time.

He thought she may need it after what happened.

After Hopper.

The thought of Hopper makes him feel guilty.

Not of his death.

But of his behavior towards him.

He was El's father after all.

He was being sassy and disrespectful.

And he hates himself for it.

He still can't believe Hoppers last words to him was "Be careful."

He's reached the house now and all he's thinking is *don't cry, don't cry, don't cry*

So he get of his bike and walks to his friends and says sorry for being late.

He does this with a small smile on his face.

Because he doesn't want them to know.

That he's breaking inside.

He's talking to El again.

And he's smiling just a little more genuine.

He's rambling now, like always.

But it's okay because she's smiling.

"I like presents too."

She's walking away now.

He shakes his head.

why did I say that?*

i sounded like an idiot!*

"Mike?"

He turns around.

"Yeah?"

It looks like she's nervous.

He doesn't know why.

"Do you remember that day, in the cabin, you were talking to Max?"

"I don't think I follow..."

He absolutely knows what she's talking about.

"You were talking about your feelings, your heart..."

He doesn't know what to say.

did she hear?*

no..*

did she?*

He doesn't think he'll ever forget that day.

He confessed his love for her in front of everyone.

Well, except for her.

"Because I love her and I can't lose her again!"

That was the most awkward moment of his life.

"Oh...oh, yeah that."

"Man, That was so long ago..."

He's rambling, again.

He's starting to think she heard him.

this is my chance to tell her for real!*

just tell her dumbass!*

"What did I say exactly?"

Well, that went great.

His mouth kept moving without his permission.

He's so deep in his thoughts that he doesn't notice her moving until she's suddenly walking towards him.

"Mike."

She's putting her hand on his cheek now.

His heart is beating so fast it feels like it's going to explode at any second.

She's so close.

He can feel her breathe on his lips.

"I love you too."

He's not breathing.

His brain has stopped working.

If he was going to say anything he doesn't know.

She's kissing him now.

He's frozen and he can't move or speak.

He makes his lips move a little against hers.

And then she's pulling away.

She turns around and walks out of the room without a word.

He releases a breathe he didn't know he was holding.

He wants to cry.

He wants to laugh.

"She loves me"

He whispered.

"She heard me."

A smile brighter than the sun starts to grow on his face.

He's crying again.

But this time out of happiness.

They're done.

Everyone is hugging.

His wall of strength is gone.

There are tears in his eyes.

And he doesn't mind them anymore.

Because everyone has them.

He knows he's not losing them.

But it still feels like it.

They'll call each other.

They'll see each other soon.

He hates the word soon almost as much as El.

He knows it's not soon.

It's going to feel like hell without his best friend and the girl he loves.

He's hugging Will now.

He doesn't know why but he's saving El for last.

They make eye contact and then they're hugging like the world is ending.

For him it feels like it.

He thought he didn't have any tears left.

But, here he is crying, again.

He needs to say it now.

He takes a deep breathe and...

"I love you."

He said it.

Or he whispered it, but still.

He's looking into her eyes.

She's smiling, so bright.

"God you are so beautiful."

He doesn't mean for it to slip through his lips, but he doesn't mind.

Not when she's glowing right before his eyes.

Mike can't take it any longer.

He tilts his head just a little closer to hers.

And she does the same.

"El it's time to go now."

Oh no, he's not gonna make that mistake again!

He grabs her face with his hands and kisses her as hard on the lips as he can.

He lets out all his passion in the kiss.

After what feels like an hour but is only a minute they're pulling away.

He rests his forehead on hers and tries to take in as much as he can.

Her smell, smile, dimples, hair, eyes, lips, nose.

He tried to be strong.

He really did.

He wanted to be strong for her.

But his wall is broken and his tears are flowing.

"El..."

"Mike..."

"I love you so much."

"I love you."

"I love you..."

She's smiling now.

But it's a goodbye-smile.

please don't say goodbye!*

"I love you forever."

Now he's smiling too.

He feels happy and broken at the same time.

"I love you forever too."

He doesn't remember how she ended up in the car or how he ended up with all of his other friends.

He's not crying now.

He doesn't need to.

He knows they'll be okay.

They are driving away now.

They're all watching the cars leave.

He feels the need to go after.

His heart is looking for it's other half.

But now his feet are still, they're not moving.

Because he knows, deep down, that she'll come back.

She will always come back to him.

THE END
